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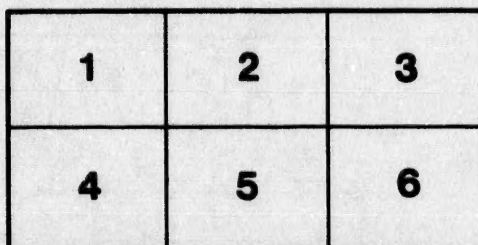
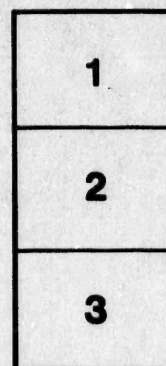
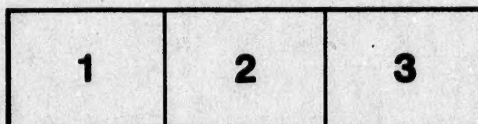
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Ἀριστον μὲν ἔσθω.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY:

A

Temperance Lecture.

DELIVERED AT MONTREAL, MARCH 17TH, 1873,

BY

J. NEWTON EMRA,

LIEUT., R. P., ROYAL MARINES.

THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF MONTREAL IN THE CHAIR.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET,
1873.

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PREFACE.

CERTAIN passages in this Address have excited considerable comment among persons holding widely different views in relation to the subject therein treated of; and it has been remarked that an "old, old story" has received here some fresh illustrations.

In the hope that some new light, however weak, may be hereby thrown upon the darkness enveloping the views of society upon Temperance questions, and in response to the flattering notices of the public press the Lecture is now published in full.* Its acceptance as a contribution to Temperance literature is not asked as a recognition of any startling or original principles laid down, or propositions here for the first time set forth,—for no such qualifications can be claimed. Neither does the Author expect credit for elaboration of ideas; for, at the best, the appeal embodies but a superficial glance at the greatest question of the day. But, as no word ever uttered in earnest sincerity, no line ever penned with a true motive, fails to make some impression, however imperceptible, upon human thought and action;—as each drop of rain swells the streams that grow in volume till they merge at last into a mighty river,—so it may be that even this small effort may prove to be not unaccompanied by good results.

To those who are, as it were, at the starting-point of a great race,—the free and enterprising inhabitants of the New Dominion, the pamphlet is dedicated by

Their Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Owing to want of time a few paragraphs were unavoidably omitted in delivering the lecture.

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THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

MR. CHAIRMAN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The first public advocacy by any person of a great and recognized principle or idea that is controverted by opponents as well as backed up by supporters, is a matter that necessarily demands some little explanation. The numbers and the standing of the audience I have the honor of addressing to-night naturally tends to heighten the conviction I feel that you have a right to enquire on what grounds I claim to stand before you on this platform. I think I shall probably relieve your minds rather than otherwise by at once stating that I have no intention of making this or any other meeting an excuse for inflicting on the public a detailed account of my individual history. It is sufficient to say that four months ago, hearing of the indefatigable exertions of the Dean of Montreal and the Rev. James Carmichael in the cause of Temperance, I first became identified with the St. George's Church Temperance Society,—an Association, I venture to assert without fear of contradiction, whose rapid growth in numbers, and success in beneficial results attained is almost unparalleled in the history of similar organizations. Four months is a short time: yes, but in four months a world of revolution may take place in a man's mind. In four months I have come to one conclusion in particular, amongst many others:—that if any one has by the peculiar circumstances and experiences of his life, acquired information and ideas on the subject of the most vital earthly question that can affect humanity in the present day,—information and ideas which others may never have had an opportunity of gathering,—and that man calls himself a true friend of the Temperance cause,—it is his bounden duty, as it should be his pleasure, to throw such experience into the scale of right and reason, to add its weight in over-balancing the fierce influences of the other side.

At an early period of my life it has been my privilege to see more than is ordinarily seen of men and of the world. I have

crossed every degree of longitude in the circumference of the globe, and have visited many countries in my travels. Further,—and what is more to the purpose, I have been thrown into close connections with large bodies of men of different professions, consequently becoming acquainted with manners and customs presenting striking contrasts to each other. It cannot be said that I have availed myself sufficiently of these advantages; it may be doubted whether I have retained one half of the experience that has crossed my path: but I can truly and safely affirm that I have seen enough of the DRINKING customs of society—good and bad, high and low,—of the present day, to cause many a scene to be retained, as it were, immovably fixed in the retina of the mind's eye; to be indelibly burnt into an unwilling memory. This, Sir, is my apology for my present appearance; and I will only add that if what I say to-night should have the effect of inducing one person to sign the pledge before again entering upon the temptations of every-day life, and to resolve to abstain for the remainder of his or her natural existence from life's greatest tempter and life's greatest curse, such a circumstance will be the best assurance that it is not for nothing I thus make public my impressions on this all-important question.

Let us glance, very briefly, at the general view at this time presented of the Temperance movement. In doing so, as well as in the more detailed remarks that will follow, I shall speak equally of the phases of the question as they are met with in the old country and in the new; partly because the larger portion of my experience is drawn from the other side of the Atlantic, and partly because I believe the most prominent features of this question to be cosmopolitan in their nature, and that deductions taken from a broad and comprehensive view are, as a general rule, applicable to every land, to every color and to every tongue.

It may be doubted whether any agitation, commencing within such circumscribed limits; confronted at the outset by sneers and ridicule; opposed in its growth by the blindest prejudices, supported by the influence of moneyed and class interests; discouraged at every step of its onward course by the external apathy and indifference of those who should have been the very first to identify themselves, heart and soul, with its fortunes; and at last,—as we see it now, when it is driving its enemy to bay,—turned upon with the most vindictive and desperate hate;—it may be doubted, I say, whether, in the annals of the world, any agitation has, in the same

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space of time, and under similar disadvantageous circumstances, made such a rapid and glorious march towards the accomplishment of an unparalleled undertaking. Let the most casual observer look back over the last few years, and he cannot fail to observe how the sneers and sarcasm,—of those, I mean, whose opinion is worth having—have changed into a slightly startled attitude, an attitude not unsimilar to that of a person slowly awakening from sleep to the apprehension of some impending peril that he had forgotten in his dreams. He will notice the increasing numbers of those whom very shame or an aroused terror has forced at last to realize the extent of the volcanic fire that has so long been shaking the foundations of society; and he will view with astonishment the fast gathering ranks of men and women and children who are so nobly arraying themselves to do battle with the forces of destruction and death. We are all aware, too, of the action taken by the respective Governments of the Anglo-Saxon race. One after another we have seen bills passed by Parliaments for the regulation of a traffic whose influence for evil could no longer be disguised. We have seen municipal bodies framing a multiplicity of police laws in the hope of saving their towns and cities from sinking below the ordinary level of demoralization. These are visible signs of the arousing of the people's sentiments to a tardy appreciation of the importance of exercising more supervision over the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors. With regard also to the statistics of crime and pauperism, of misery and sickness, and the countless other evils produced directly and indirectly by the drink traffic, we are all becoming tolerably acquainted. We cannot deny the truth of the plain facts and figures so constantly reiterated, and verified on all sides with such incontrovertible certainty. But I wish to avoid entering into these points. They are so frequently and fully discussed that it may be preferable to depart a little from the beaten track to others that may, by comparatively new lights and illustrations, prove more beneficial. It is not for us to rest on our oars whilst we take stock of what the Temperance agitation has already effected. Does the contemplation of its advance or retrogression afford any balm to the broken hearts that at this moment are mourning a brother's or a father's estrangement, a sister's or a daughter's ruin? Surely not,—and so I would urge you to work and not cavil as to results; to act, and not depart from your real duty by transferring your energies to every visionary scheme that may attract your attention, while it

is more or less foreign to the immediate and heart-absorbing issues.

It may safely be presumed that many of you are already pledged on your solemn word to abstain from intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and are morally pledged to influence others in the same direction. What I am going to say to such may not be a very agreeable proposition, but I doubt if many will question its correctness;—that it is your duty to make yourselves acquainted with every phase of your enemy's tactics; to understand the nature of his attacks on the weak and unwary; to become theoretically conversant with every description of influence he excites, and the temptations he employs for the furthering of his ends; and also—an easy, too easy task—with the effects of his ultimate conquests. Can a physician successfully prescribe a remedy without first making a diagnosis of the disease? Can a statesman effect a good reform whilst ignorant of the details of the abuse he is desirous of removing? Certainly not; and neither will a drunkard listen to your arguments if put forward without decisive aims, and supported by no convincing statements. Trust not to turn him from his ways by the expression alone of second-hand generalities, which he, perhaps, has learned to think he can refute.

In taking a survey over the world of Intemperance we observe, amongst other things, that drinking to excess presents as many developments of character as there are different classes of society. It may sufficiently answer our purpose at the present time to study three separate developments of the abuse of alcohol, each class involving many details common to all three, whilst at the same time possessing each a certain distinct individuality. Those whose unhappy lot it is to fall from a high estate naturally attract a greater share of attention than others who have never, by birth or education, intellect or wealth been raised above the lower grades of the social scale. A "gentleman" drunkard, if the seeming paradox is admissible, is always a more prominent, if not a more melancholy mark than the equally unfortunate victim who, in his sober intervals, is forced, by manual labour, to work for the means of existence.

Among the peculiar temptations that invest his path, that exert their influence most strongly during the very period in which his character and habits are in process of formation, may be reckoned, *par excellence*, the possession of money: for even when he has squandered what of right belongs to him, he seldom scruples to

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tax the whole list of his relatives and friends, in order to raise the needful. And raise it he certainly does, in a hundred ways that are open to a man of any connections and influence. In this respect he is indeed forgiven until the seventy-seventh time. Even when the secret of its destination can no longer be concealed, he still contrives to obtain funds by importunity or false pretences. For some time the golden mill grinds all too merrily, till at last from exhaustion it begins to slacken, or to dole out grudgingly what it once gave willingly. At this crisis it is surprising to witness the ingenuity and address with which our friend oils the machinery to ensure fresh supplies of golden grain by tricks and artifices he would not long since have deemed contemptible in the least degree. What father would not fondly be the means of giving his dear boy one more fair start in life? What mother would not soften the hearts of sterner relatives to give the impulsive but good-hearted lad "one more chance?" And so, as often in a race, the starts are many, but they are false; the "new leaf" is again and again "turned over," only to become as hopelessly dirty as its predecessor.

He has the means of travel, too, at his command,—in these days a no small incentive to drinking habits. It is a fact that the soberest people of the earth are generally the poorest, and are oftenest to be found hidden amongst mountain fastnesses, far away from the great marts of commerce, and the maritime highways of nations, or peacefully settled on the obscure and distant sources of some inland river. In the fiery rush by rail and ocean steamer, with the constantly changing variety presented by rapid means of locomotion, many a young voyager learns, first, to drink for good-fellowship, or to pass the time, and soon to drink from the necessities of his fast deteriorating nature. The dreariness of hotel life is broken through by the potent agency of wine: new friendships are cemented by the glass at the bar; old friends are welcomed with a treat, and every casual acquaintance is toasted in libations of omnipresent alcohol. A total abstainer has many difficulties to encounter in his journeys now-a-days; and a hard drinker is never more in his glory than when travelling by land or by water.

And cannot superior intellect, you ask, enlightened taste and cultivated manners avail to arrest the possessor of such qualities in the downward course he has commenced to travel? Sad experience emphatically answers,—“No, not often;” not if the thirst

for drink is once fairly kindled, and is once allowed to attain its first firm grasp. In this respect it is a dead leveller, that it can conquer the man who *might* have been a philosopher as easily as it can enslave him whose baser notions cannot soar above the grovelling passions of a savage.

Drink causes the noblest mind, the highest intellect, to make a mockery of the divinest truths established by philosophic research and the accumulated lore of centuries. Drink causes men to make a mockery of the sublimest and most awe-inspiring spectacles of created existence. It reduces the starry firmament of heaven, the galaxy of worlds above us, to a senseless pantomime of flickering lights. It confuses and drives back to its original chaos the divinely-wrought system of continents and islands and oceans, of mountains and rivers, of valleys, forests and flowery plains. It spurns alike the æsthetic appeals of Nature and of Art, and blasphemes the voice of God in both. It rolls in its obstructive course over the rising efforts of genius and invention, a stumbling-block to man's good endeavors to perfect himself in the arts of civilization. It prompts the arrogance of a mere human animal to exclaim with truth: "I care for neither God, nor man, nor devil." I hesitate not for one moment to declare,—and I believe that this enlightened audience will unanimously support the assertion,—that **BEYOND ALL OTHER DEBASING AGENCIES; BEYOND THE NATURAL, INBORN PASSIONS OF THE HUMAN HEART; BEYOND ALL OTHER MEANS AND CIRCUMSTANCES THAT TEND TO THE TRIUMPH OF UNIVERSAL EVIL AT THE SACRIFICE OF UNIVERSAL GOOD, DRINK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME, THE ANGUISH, THE POVERTY AND THE UNCLEANNESS OF THE HUMAN RACE,—BLASTING WITH THE SHADOW OF ITS HELL-BORN BLACKNESS ALL THAT MIGHT OTHERWISE CONSTITUTE A PARADISE OF HAPPINESS, OF VIRTUE AND OF UNCEASING REJOICING.**

And you, Society, prim and respectable, proud of your good name,—are you beyond reproach; have you nothing to answer for in this matter? Does not the gentleman drunkard commence his graceless career within your limits, and under your direct superintendence? Your rules of etiquette, your so-called time-honored customs,—are they not the most prolific sources, the most careful nurses of alcoholic craving? Do they not foster the love and the worship of Bacchus in every form, and under every disguise? It is refreshing indeed to note the righteous indignation with which you ostracise the roué when connection with him

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begins to contaminate *your* unsullied purity. How many for your sweet sake have first learned to love the poisoned chalice? You once introduced your pupil to its sparkling pleasures; now you accuse him of violating the laws of polite society, because he has become too hopelessly enamoured of the enchantress. You once opened to him the gate of the flowery road that leads to ruin; now with uplifted hands and eyes you hold him up as an example of ingratitude, and make him the scapegoat of your own questionable modes of living.

Some eight years ago an expedition was sent from England to open up the inland sea of Japan to civilized commerce, and to obtain redress for outrages committed on foreigners by natives of that country. In an attack upon the Japanese forces by the brigade of Royal Marines an acquaintance of mine was severely wounded. His conduct was distinguished by considerable gallantry; and after the affair was over it was rumoured that a high reward might not improbably be conferred upon him. The colonel in command when asked if there was any person whom he wished to recommend for the distinguished honor of the Victoria Cross, returned as answer that he would have been pleased to recommend a certain officer, but he did not feel justified in doing so, as the officer in question was not a temperate man. Now I beg to ask, what training, forsooth, had this young man received, that might have made him temperate? What friendly warnings had been given; what examples shewn him that might have sapped in the bud the failing that robbed him of the highest reward of valor the British soldier knows? And this is by no means an extreme illustration of the mode in which those are recompensed who have only too closely adhered to the letter of Society's own perilous instructions.

Far beneath the lofty ken of the *beau monde* crawl its once hopeful pupils. Can you condescend to mark for a moment yonder tattered, shrieking outcast, being borne on a stretcher to the police station? Do you recognize that ruined semblance of a man, that reeking bundle of rags, as you glance from the corner of the street with disgust or indifference at the commonplace spectacle? In pity's sake look back into that gaol-bird's history; for there was a time when he could claim a place amongst the best of you. There was a time when he could gaily move within the ranks of fashion. He once was one of you: he once bore on his face the stamp of your own aristocratic blood. Poor misguided man! Was it for

this you yielded yourself too free a victim to the seductive pleasures of a treacherous Society: for this you chose its Bohemians for your associates, and soon became, even amongst them, one of the very dregs of your class? Where are they now? Of all the many is there one who now steps forward to claim you as his friend? Is there one to take your trembling hand in his; to cool your fevered forehead; to whisper words of hope into your despairing heart? Not one. See how they curse you now that the world sees the termination of your maddened course. Can it have been for infamy such as this that you threw to the winds all the home ties that should have made your life beautiful; all the love and respect that should have entitled you to the standing of a happy and honorable citizen; all the worldly goods that should have secured you comfort; and all the ruddy health that should have enabled you to enjoy existence, as you once enjoyed it before your young lips were tainted with the breath of the destroying cup? Was it for this you were content to sink lower and lower, day by day, till you were not even ashamed to carry your mother's gift to the pawnbroker's, to supply one last drink with the heartless butterflies that now leave you to starve, to rot, to die in a workhouse or a jail? Was it for this that when you could no longer fail to see that destruction stared you in the face, you still blindly clung to the insane delusion that you were not lost so long as you had a circle of these so-called friends around you? And, after learning to bear the rebukes and insults of your very comrades, and the gathering storm of all good men's contempt,—was it then for this that you still sought and found “in lowest depths a deeper still?” Yes, the mistaken notions of Society have led many a promising boy to ruin such as this, to the madhouse, the hospital, the black river of suicide, or the murderer's gallows.

In all its apathy to the cause of Temperance, Society has not by any means escaped the punishment it so constantly invokes upon its own head. Collectively an entire circle suffers by the intemperance of one of its members. Loss of business and pecuniary distress involves numbers in misery by the fault of one alone. The innocent suffer with the guilty. Can you bear to reflect on these sad truths? For the sake of the innocent, I ask, how long shall this system of viper-nursing continue in your midst? For the sake of the poor drunkards themselves, I ask,—can you bear to think of *their* woes? Oh, there is a retribution that this class brings upon itself in a far higher degree than those

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others I shall speak of directly. Does not their superior bringing up, that finer and more delicate mental organization inherited in their birth and developed in their education, naturally render them more sensitive and susceptible to the stings of conscience and remorse?

Think of one who, in early youth, has bid adieu to the home of his innocent childhood to enter on the new and busy field of life. Carefully, perhaps religiously reared, ignorant of the depth of the leap he now, with heedless joy, is taking into the mysterious darkness of the future, he emerges from his quiet country surroundings, taking with him a mother's fervent prayers, a father's benediction and earnest exhortations.

The long farewell to his boyhood's home is associated with all that is pure and peaceful. The chimes of the old church bells, borne on the stillness of the summer air, accord with the innocent feelings of a yet unstained heart, as he goes forth alone. * * * The scene is changed: a few short years have passed, and the same form again stands upon the hill overlooking the once loved spot. All is there the same. Nature, in her changeless beauty, still reigns supreme: the ivy still mantles the old church tower; the quiet farm-houses still nestle in the same sequestered nooks. As of old, the same bells are again ringing out their glad message of eternal love. The soft rays of the setting sun are lighting up the windows of the ancestral hall, as if in joy to welcome back the wanderer. His father stands expectant, with the old hearty "God bless you, my boy," upon his lips. His mother waits with outstretched arms to clasp him to her heart. But he, the wanderer, the prodigal, what harmony have his feelings now with such a scene as this? How sad to think that he alone has undergone a transformation, while all around him has retained the same sweet simplicity. Well may he linger on the threshold he has never crossed before except in innocence of heart; well may he hesitate to enter again on scenes with which he has long since lost all affinity. And what demon can have caused this fearful metamorphosis? Drink, and the passions that flow from drink, have divorced that once true and loving soul from every tie of guiltless felicity.

As a relief, however, to such dark pictures we hail the glad fact that men and women of nobler aims are already placing themselves outside the pale of such Society. The seceding party grows rapidly in numbers and vitality, and is even now engaged in the high task of reforming and remodelling its own internal govern-

ment. And it is time: it is time that it should be able to hold up its head before the denizens of our back streets: it is time that its greeting to the masses should be: We come to give you assistance and advice, and now, at last, to give you also the untold benefit of a good example.

In the next place we come to a very wide class of hard drinkers. These are restrained by few ideas of social rank: their dissipations, for the most part, are hid by no covering shadow of a fictitious decorum. They never were admitted into the ranks of what is termed "good society," and consequently care little what the world may think of them. Their numbers are of course largely recruited from the class immediately above them. "*Facilis descensus Averni*:" it is easy enough to fall to positions from which one can never hope to rise; and of these too, in like manner, many, sooner or later find in their turn a level in the lowest strata of humanity. This is the great class to whose door must be laid the majority of the unhappy consequences of drink. To give you an idea of my meaning in asserting this, I need only remind you that what one man is often incapable of doing by reason of some inborn spirit of pride that may actuate the breast of even a drunkard, a lower nature will not scruple to commit; and, on the other hand, there are many evils which a man more sociably debased by all his surroundings is debarred from inflicting on the world, but which a person of comparative respectability and greater means of attacking the weak points of other men and women, may, and almost invariably does occasion. If time permitted it would be interesting to study the many branches into which this large group divides itself. Speaking broadly, however, one part may be usually found to engage by fits and starts in some sort of occupation or calling. The sinews of war stand in need of replenishing; and, unless one has enough of that amiable talent necessary to adapt him to the life of a gambler, a begging letter writer, or an impostor, he must perforce occasionally turn up his shirt sleeves, and do something in the way of work. Some are indeed, ostensibly, always at work; but if such is the case, they may with equal truth be said to be always fuddled.

In this connection I cannot help recalling the condition of some of the tenant farmers of the old country. Many a scene that by the force of habit has long become familiar to me in my native county of Wiltshire, I cannot now recall without asking whether such barbarism as exists at home is indeed reality, or only the dream of a distorted imagination. It is no dream, but plain,

palpable, irrefutable fact. If I were to set foot in my own parish to-morrow morning, I tell you with truth that in calling upon the farmers and others during the day, I should positively be expected to drink as much wine, beer and spirits as would suffice to put half a dozen men in a very decided state of intoxication. The first words of welcome would invariably be accompanied with: "Mary, my dear, fetch the spirits and some hot water, and a jug of beer, and two long clay pipes." Under these circumstances, it is a consoling reflection that I have a chance of waking up to-morrow morning in the good city of Montreal. It is the same in the hunting field, in the shooting cover, at work and off work; but it is on market day, or at the fair, that these grand old customs reach their culminating point. Then, if a bag of oats is sold, the bargain is immediately ratified by "two sixes" of brandy; if it is not sold the "two sixes" are still ordered for the sake of better luck next time, or to shew that no ill feeling exists. If it is a fine day, the genial fact is acknowledged by foaming tankards; if it is raining cats and dogs, everyone flies to drink "to keep the damp out." A pretty way of keeping the damp out, too! The prevailing element is drink, drink, drink; and what is the result? Well, I know many results that ensue from this state of things, as perfectly as I know that the revolving of the world upon its axis will in a few hours carry us into the light of another day; but I should be sorry to say more than that the result is visible enough in the fact that the country districts of England are now in many essential respects as they might have been in the Middle Ages, had they then possessed their present wealth and population.

A large portion of this group are nomads on the face of the earth. The mysteries of *their* existence no one ever yet successfully penetrated. They may be met with in any tavern, tolerably dressed, fast friends with the landlord, an abundant gift of the gab, an eye to horseflesh, not averse to a bet or a game of cards, always very great on their connections, and the vast sums of money they have been, or are, possessed of; and always, without exception, men of the most scrupulous honor! God save us from them and their honor, and their imaginary fortunes, and their rich uncles, and their brass watch-chains, and the one big, blackguard lie that such men incorporate in their persons from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. How *they* raise the wind, goodness only knows; I don't. It is a question which may be considered the worse,—the man who periodically goes on a deliberate spree, and

then employs the succeeding interval in regaining the bodily strength essential to the commencement of another, or he who lives his thankless life out in an atmosphere of all the drinking, quarrelling and vile talk that a community can accumulate. The one reduces himself by continued intoxication to a state from which he can only recover by a considerable period of total abstinence; the other preserves some slight method in his madness; and, although in the early morning his shattered nerves are useless until restored by copious draughts of his accustomed beverage, he yet contrives to restore by noon his previously exhausted energies.

In our Australian colonies I have seen the intermittent and the chronic drunkard brought into contact with each other, and always to the substantial detriment of the former. Many a stock-raiser will pass the greater portion of the year in total abstinence, hundreds of miles up the country, safe in those distant solitudes from every source of temptation, but with the avowed intention of going on a three months' bout in Sydney, Melbourne or Adelaide when he receives the large profits secured by his long exertion and involuntary temperance. Of course hundreds are unmercifully fleeced by the sharks of the cities; but this is the way in which many of these colonists choose to live from year to year. It is of such fine, hardworking, honest men as most of these originally are, that people say, compassionately: "He is a good fellow, and no man's enemy but his own." A baseless assertion, this; for the drunkard, be he honest or a villain, idle or energetic, is a dire enemy to all with whom he comes in contact. For a long time no healthy Temperance feeling existed in Australia or New Zealand to check in any degree the ravages of drink. Now, however, a pleasing sign of a great reaction of feeling is found in the fact that the Legislature of Victoria has actually passed a Permissive Bill, which, although it has for the present been thrown out by the Council, is a powerful expression of the people's voice that must ere long ensure a brilliant Temperance success.

The remaining class I have to speak of has perhaps less of the demoralization of the world to answer for than either of the two preceding ones; not because the crimes it commits are less than those of its more respectable fellow-worshippers of alcohol, but because it has received a lesser light of reasoning power, and because it not unfrequently flies to drink as much from unfavorable external circumstances, as from sensual appetite. On this class do the woes of drunkenness fall with their most scathing force. On

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the laboring and on what is commonly known as the criminal population of the English-speaking community throughout the globe has drink dealt its most withering strokes.

During the Fenian rising in Ireland in the spring of '87 I was in charge of an escort of prisoners who had been convicted at the Dublin courts, and were being sent to England to undergo their sentences of penal servitude. Amongst the number was a fine-looking young soldier, whose wife accompanied him in the train from Dublin to Kingstown. As the steamer was about to leave the wharf she clung to the wretched man, handcuffed as he was to a fellow-convict, and in the bitterness of the parting she exclaimed aloud: "Oh, if it hadn't been for the drink, you would never have come to this!" That poor girl, in pouring forth the torrent of her heart's grief in one brief, simple sentence, was but echoing the mighty truth that sooner or later must be established throughout all nations, the truth declaring most of the crimes and miseries of mankind to be occasioned by drink, and by drink alone.

One recent Monday morning the police sheet at Liverpool recorded 208 cases to go before the magistrate. Of these 123 were the results of the use of intoxicating liquors. I myself remember seeing 118 cases disposed of in one forenoon, the majority of which were cases of drunkenness, in the same court, not long ago. The prisoners were dealt with in batches. Grey-bearded old men, strong youths and young girls, some with the marks of dissipation already branded on their features, and some whose cheeks were yet tinged with the pure country air they had lately left, were brought forward in rapid succession, and as rapidly fined, sent to prison, or dismissed, according to the decision of the sitting magistrate. One old woman, I remember, who was "sent down," had eighty-eight previous convictions recorded against her!

And in the police-courts of all large towns and cities, here as well as there, the mournful tale repeats itself each morning with clock-like regularity. Nearly all these miserable prisoners are of the lower orders. Is there any person here who has never been present at a magistrate's or recorder's court? If so, you have neglected the readiest means of ascertaining what is really going on around you, behind the scenes of your own quiet world. You could not, I am sure, behold unmoved the veritable, though little-tragedies of each day's list. Some prisoners, indeed, wait with brutal indifference the decision of the law, and go to prison unwept, or to liberty unwelcomed. But mark that crowd of

sorrow-stricken women who throng the court. Who thinks of their anguish; who cares though each one nurses in her heart a pent-up world of woe? "Two dollars and costs, or thirty days; take him away; bring up the next." No one stops because that oft-repeated formula has broken a widow's heart. "Place them in the dock,"—a boy and a girl, twelve or fourteen years of age. "What is the charge"? — stealing to buy whiskey for father and mother. "Four years in the reformatory." That's all; the best place for them. Ah, can you estimate the hundredth part of the heart-burning that overwhelms those two unhappy children?—to be shut out of their young world for so many years that should have been the brightest of their lives. You cannot realize it; and how much less the volume of the gigantic sum of heart-aches and mental agony wrung from humanity each day by the legislation made necessary almost entirely by the encouragement our governments afford for the sale and consumption of alcohol.

Is not this a fearful contemplation? Should it not set the brains of politicians working, and the hearts of philanthropists throbbing to devise some means of mitigating the sad catalogue? If we find that those who have little to expect of this world's prosperity and happiness; who toil for others' profit; who are unable to raise their eyes beyond the horizon of a needy present,—if we find that this class takes naturally to strong drink as its only solace and refuge, the obvious conclusion is that those remedies must be employed calculated to eradicate the predisposing causes tending to such dire results. A higher caste of intellect must be cultivated amongst the children of the masses. It is unlikely that many of the old birds will be taught to sing a different song at their time of life, but they are rarely found so far depraved as to forbid their children entering a Band of Hope, or attending to any other means of instruction and reformation that may be provided for their benefit.

In the British army it has only recently dawned upon the powers that be, that beer, the soldier's curse, was habitually indulged in for the reason chiefly, that no higher object than the tankard presented itself to the aspiration of the recruit. Beer was to him the *summum bonum*, the highest good of existence, when he, as well as the man-of-war's-man were treated as mere machines, or as brute beasts. What could England expect then but that they should justify their officers' opinion of them? It was considered but natural that these men should earn their money like horses only to spend it like asses. But a better era has dawned: barracks

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are now fitted up with libraries and recreation rooms. Regimental schools are established for the education of the men themselves, as well as of their children. Ships, too, have their means of instruction, and the blue-jacket's comfort and welfare are far more thought of than was formerly the case. I will, however, relate a fact to you, showing how much yet remains in this respect to be reformed. Four years ago I belonged to an iron-clad frigate on the Mediterranean station. During a three months' stay at Athens, the once famous capital of Greece, the idea was started of getting up some athletic sports on shore for the entertainment of the natives. Out of a ship's company of over six hundred, a large proportion were present on the field; and I was ordered to land a picket of marines for the purpose of preserving order, and arresting any of our men who might commit themselves by drunkenness or otherwise. I shall never forget the scene that took place before that afternoon was over. We certainly gave the Greeks an exhibition that was omitted in the advertisement. Whilst hundreds of the natives,—amongst whom there was not one drunken man to be seen—looked on in speechless amazement, dozens of our seamen and marines, overcome by a fiery liquor sold on the ground, against which the captain had expressly warned them, lay scattered over the field in helpless drunkenness, or rushed wildly to and fro amongst the crowd. And these were as fine a crew as ever trod a ship's deck. It was my painful duty that night to carry on board a British man-of-war a boatload of drunken prisoners. Imagine the spectacle of men, who no doubt the Greeks are as well aware as our own children, never, never, never, etc., etc., being thus exhibited, with their hands tied behind their backs. Is it not time, I ask, that England should present to other nations a spectacle of a higher civilization than that of which it can at present boast,—a spectacle of sober sailors and soldiers, as well as of Woolwich guns and 10-inch armour-plating; a spectacle of sober merchants and travellers, as well as of a waving ensign to protect their rights and liberties? Is it not time that England, and the colonies that cluster round her in the glory of their youth and strength, adding lustre to her name, and shining brightly from every corner of the globe, like pearls upon a royal diadem,—is it not time, I ask, that Great Britain and her noble colonies should stand forth, first and foremost, before the millions of the earth, liberated and disenthralled from the only trace of slavery that yet tarnishes the charter of her glorious freedom?

I have thus given you a rough sketch of Intemperance as seen by various lights of social rank amongst us. But I have observed no class distinction in the award of the last dread earthly punishment of continued drunkenness; in that climax of horror to which every wild debauch, every "jovial spree" is a sure and certain step. There is no genteel delirium tremens. Position, wealth, connections, intellect,—all cannot avail to conceal from the glaring light of day, the fact that the devil has achieved his masterpiece, has played his trump card and has completed his final triumph over his deluded victim. Then you may shut him in the remotest room, vainly hoping that his shrieks of torture may escape the ears of the scandalized world,—for, observe, the inconsistent Mrs. Grundy is scandalized now, though she has all along been engaged in aiding and abetting, with the most gracious suavity, the entire progress to this fatal consummation,—you may shut him up, I say, and tie him down in a straight jacket to his bed; but his class distinctions are vanished now; his piteous cries are suppressed by no prompting feelings of caution or of interest; and the gentleman drunkard acts and speaks as madly and helplessly as his uneducated fellow-sufferer in the pauper ward of yonder hospital.

You, who wrap yourselves in a cloak of metaphysics and philosophy; who mock yourselves with abstruse speculations on theology; who propound theory on theory of *future* punishments of sin—I ask such as you to try for one short half-hour, in the solitude of your study, to realize for your edification the nature of this madness, or disease, that we call delirium tremens. Around the shelves of your library there are ranged, no doubt, volume upon volume of works of science, telling of the *good* that man has done for man. Is there one book there that honestly and fearlessly speaks of this gigantic evil that man has, for so many centuries, so skilfully and so successfully wrought for the abasement of his fellows? Go, and learn what a dread eternity of torture is comprised in that commonplace horror you may observe here, in the living world, any and every day of your lives; and then, perhaps, you may be induced to acknowledge that here is the legitimate field for your labor; that here is a terrible reality calling for the application of some immediate and practical remedy.

A few weeks since, it was remarked by you, Sir, from this platform, that a very natural connection of ideas existed between the state of a person suffering from delirium tremens and that of the unfortunate subject of one of those visitations we read of as hav-

ing formerly been known as the possession of a human being by an evil spirit. The same thought has frequently struck me on witnessing these distressing exhibitions. If those of old were really possessed by devils, then all I can say is, that I have known men to be possessed by the arch-fiend himself. What power is it that, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, causes burning insanity to usurp the throne of reason? What is the motive agent of that trembling of the limbs, that utter loss of appetite, that incapability of restoring exhausted nature by nature's own beneficent provision of sleep? What is it that peoples an empty room with barking dogs, and hissing snakes, with crawling toads and loathsome reptiles, and swarms of darting rats; that populates the vacancy of space with imaginary flies and gnats, and hideous, leering faces, and cruel, murderous weapons? What is it that incessantly prompts the haunted wretch to start with terrified glances to the right and left, and over his shoulder, to avoid what he believes to be a constantly impending destruction? Whatever may be the awful essence of this abstract power, we can only recognize in it the spirit of drink; we can only trace it to its palpable source of the fountain of intoxicating liquor. Is it not a mercy that a very short time, in such cases, brings with it the certainty of recovery or of death? Is it not a mercy when such a scene is terminated, even if it be terminated only by dissolution in its most appalling form?

In a poem by Lord Byron,—“the Prisoner of Chillon”—there is an expressive passage on the subject of death:—

“O, God, it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
I’ve seen it rushing forth in blood;
I’ve seen it on the breaking ocean,
Strive, with a swoln convulsive motion:
I’ve seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin, delirious with its dread :”
• • • •

He might have added a still greater horror to his list; that which, unpleasant though the task naturally is, it has been my duty to thus bring before you.

And thus the world goes round. Old drunkards are rapidly struck down by death, and shovelled by thousands into their nameless graves, whilst new drunkards are as rapidly filling their vacant places.

We are not, as a people, addicted to the baleful habit of eating or smoking opium. We look with compassion on the miserable being whom an abnormal but self-begotten condition of body and mind induces to seek the temporary oblivion of a drug, only to be again and again reduced to his previous state of morbid despondency. And yet the use of opium has at least as much to recommend it as the use of alcohol, which still fascinates our people as serpents are said to fascinate their victims in the forest.

Under the upas trees of Java, on the malarious swamps of the West Indies or the coast of Africa, the worn-out traveller, overpowered by an irresistible propensity to sleep, will lie down to rest, though he knows full well that every breath of wind that blows upon his face carries with it a deadly miasma that will leave him a corpse before the dawn of day. In your own frozen regions you know how a wearied man will sometimes sink helplessly upon the snow, in the certainty that an hour or two will see it shrouding his lifeless form. With precisely the same infatuated blindness do men continue to welcome the false hand of strong drink, the treacherous grasp of the demon who is plotting their destruction.

It seems so hard too, so desperately hard, that few are satisfied with thus achieving their own ruin, but that throughout their selfish career they must needs be constantly dragging down others to be companions in their fall. And they not only drag others down by the hurtful force of their own example, but, what is worse, they entreat others to sell their lives for the sake of the fleeting pleasures of the glass. That much of this entreaty is thoughtless, for the sake of our common nature we will believe. Some of it, however, not unfrequently takes the form of cold-blooded, deliberate tempting. Do you believe in remorse? I do, and I believe in the desirability of avoiding a visitation of it. I remember well how once, far out at sea, a party of youths were talking and drinking together, when a little midshipman, whose watch it was on deck, happened to come below for a minute. In an instant a glass was proffered him, and as quickly declined. He was on duty, and refused to yield to the temptation. In boisterous thoughtlessness he was again urged to drink one glass. He was a particular friend of mine, and I now protested against his being detained below against his will. The result was that he carried his point; and many a time since then has this trifling incident recurred to my mind. He sleeps calmly enough now, poor boy, at the bottom

of the Bay of Biscay. On that awful night when the "Captain" went down to her long, last resting-place, that brave young heart was one of the five hundred that were then confined in their iron shroud. Never lead a boy astray, unless you are prepared to entertain in every thoughtful interval and on your dying bed, the phantom of a retributive remorse.

Should it be observed that I have alluded almost exclusively to men, as though they alone stood in need of rescue from the great peril we are considering, I can very briefly dismiss that point. In a general sense we may speak of both sexes as men, certainly; and no one will suppose that I do not appreciate to the utmost the sad fact that drink pays no regard to sex: but I consider that it does not become one to hold forth on that more mournful and delicate side of the question, if the great change we so anxiously desire can be effected without the necessity of dragging to light that which, in pity's sake, it should be our duty to shield, as much as possible, from view.

Here, too, I will anticipate a further remark that may be suggested by this appeal to your sympathies. It often happens that when a person tries to convey some approach to an adequate sense of the merits of this question, the enemies of the cause take exception to the extreme epithets he makes use of, to the too florid language, as they call it, with which he clothes his thoughts. To what use, I ask, are we to put these extreme expressions provided by our language? If they ever are applicable, if their use is ever justifiable, surely, for this case above all others they are the right and only words. The vocabulary of the English language knows not a word, or a combination of words, whose deepest meaning can illustrate this subject as it must be illustrated for the world to realize its vast importance. High-flown language, indeed! Why if the poetasters and nonsense-scribblers of the period had dedicated to the cause of Temperance one iota of the flowery bosh they have heaped upon every lifeless and ridiculous object that has inspired their little minds they might long ago have really merited the laurels they seek for, and have done something at the same time towards the attainment of a better object.

Let us now consider some of the difficulties to be encountered by those who would do something to reduce the sum of this wretchedness that confronts us on every side.

It is hard to estimate the clinging power that drink exercises over its votaries. I think it was on the cruise that I was last

speaking of that one of our number surprised his messmates by suddenly abstaining entirely from the use of spirituous and fermented liquors. He seemed proof against every attack that was made on his resolution, and a more hopeful future appeared to be breaking in upon his life, when, one fine morning, a party of us set foot upon the Rock of Gibraltar. You know the proverbial thirst of "Jack ashore"; so you may believe that it was no ordinary determination that even then enabled him to remain firm to his resolution. It was in the Club House Hotel, just before the time arrived to return on board, when suddenly, amongst a crowd of strangers of different nationalities, the familiar voice of an old friend struck upon his ear. A shipmate, whose face he had, perhaps, never thought to see again, grasped him by the hand. Old associations rushed back upon their minds in the pleasure of the unexpected meeting, and, according to the approved notions of friendship, the ever ready glasses were filled by the new-comer, to drain a bumper to the auspicious occasion. We saw our friend hesitate; we saw him for one instant start, as if to dash the glass in atoms at his feet; and then we saw him drink off its contents, and throw his resolution to the winds. Drink, you see, was, after all, the greatest tie that bound the two together: without it they would have parted in coldness, instead of warmly renewing their old acquaintanceship.

In asking a man to abstain you ask him to give up his very individuality; to change the distinctive marks by which his identity is recognized. And custom becomes so incorporated in such men's nature that their every act is somehow associated with the cup. A refrain of an old, well-remembered song, or the revisiting of some familiar spot will sometimes tempt the strongest wills to sacrifice their wiser resolutions.

At every step he takes the Temperance reformer is met by arguments as persistent and uncompromising as they are groundless and impotent in their blind irrationality. He is expected to assent to the statement that a tippler and a sober man are on an equal footing as regards their chances of prosperity. He is told that none need injure himself by indulging in the moderate use of the good things of the earth. More, he is pointed to such and such an one who is praised for his talent, who has a good business, a large circle of friends, and is reminded that that man drinks his bottle of port every day after dinner, like a good old English gentleman.

Alexander the Great was a man of the rarest talent, too: he

conquered the whole of the then known world, and wept that there were not other worlds to conquer; but, he died from the effects of a drunken debauch. What recked he of his conquests then, when, at the age of thirty-two, he drank himself to death? And this red-nosed millionaire, with all his flattering notions of security, is always on the verge of some collapse in business or in health, that sooner or later opens the eyes of Society to the fallacy of the theory that moderate drinking, as it is called, is an essential of a gentleman's existence.

And now I ask your attention to the contemplation of a power greater than that of any statutory laws, a far more influential agency than that of human legislation. This power, too, is largely arrayed against Temperance effort. I refer to the literature of a nation, the poetry of a people's mind. Trace back the history of British literature, prose and poetry, from its earliest sources. From those days to these, has not its mighty influence been almost uniformly given to the maintenance and growth of many habits and customs which have tended only to the debasement of mankind? Some of our finest poets have not scrupled to avow openly and publish broadcast, sentiments that they would never have dared to express in plain, unvarnished prose: and for the remainder, the majority have clothed the most insidious temptations to a profligate life, in language which, while it ostensibly professes to condemn immorality, has instead the notorious effect of stimulating it in the mind of an impressionable reader. Moore, the sweetest of Irish melodists, rhapsodizes about the "ennobling thirst for wine's celestial spirit." Translate this into truthful prose: would not a practical composer rather speak of "the degrading lust for the infernal fumes of gin?" That does not sound quite so pretty, does it? No: and it probably would not have paid the publisher and author quite such handsome profits.

Try again:

"Fill the bumper fair.
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

Smooths away a wrinkle, does it? This is indeed putting us up to a wrinkle we were not previously aware of. We always thought the effect of the poetical bumper was exactly the reverse. Our poet laureate, too, heads an effusion: "The Vision of Sin," in

which he presents us with an idealization of wickedness. The refrain of the song runs thus :

" Fill the cup, and fill the can ;
Have a rouse before the morn :
Every minute dies a man ;
Every minute one is born."

What a reason for men to drink ! The reflection of the change and decay of life, to be drowned in the bowl. Of course there are those who will bid us look for the moral in the spirit and not in the letter of the piece ; but they forget that a youthful mind grasps at substance more than shadow. In such poems as these the moral is not tangible, while the excitement of the passions is eminently so. In corroboration of this I call to witness the celebrated picture of Cruickshank, entitled " the Worship of Bacchus," the engraving from which painting is to be found most frequently exposed in hotels and bar-rooms, placed there as an incentive to drink, by the very persons who, according to the spirit of the artist's intention, should have been ashamed to look it in the face.

Doubtless when Temperance shall have established its happy rule, authors and poets will be as warm in singing its praises as though they had never extolled the virtues of the bottle, and its concomitant dissipations : but I ask, why have not their enlightened agencies long ago taken their proper place in this movement ? Why have they lingered in the rear instead of fighting in the van ? With the exception of works published by Christian Knowledge Societies and religious bodies, even the moral literature of the day has hitherto ignored the deep issues of the Temperance movement ; whilst of the secular a small part of the periodical and daily press has alone kept pace with the new ideas it should have been the first to promulgate ; but which, instead, it has adopted only now when it fears to commit the un-newspaperlike error of being behind the times.

Second only to the hurtful influence of our literature is the sophistry of the liberty-of-the-subject argument,—and in this connection I will read an extract from an English local paper. The chairman of a Conservative Working-men's Association, reviewing the recent legislation of Mr. Gladstone's Government, says :—

And this Licensing Bill, the worst of all, that took from us our liberty and handed us over to the tender mercies of magistrates and policemen. Who are the promoters of this Bill ? I wish to speak with respect to all men, and as I would give free liberty to all, I would claim the same from them. The party that are the advocates of the Bill are, I believe, called teetotalers and Good Templars,—men, I con-

aided, of yesterday. Are these the men that have made our country great, the men that fought under Nelson, Wellington, or, more recent to our memory, that climbed the heights of Alma, held the field of Inkerman, and took part in the cavalry charge of Balaclava? I have never heard of them or that they have added one laurel to our country, and are they in a majority to pass such a Bill in a free country? If we are to submit, we may as well go back to history, when the curfew bell sounded, and every man was to put out his candle and fire, and he had the option of sitting in the dark or going to bed. But at that time, recollect, England was a conquered country, and now we are free. I have been told by some it is the law, and we must obey. My answer is: There is a power stronger than a ministry or a parliament, that is, the honest votes of the country. I trust that in the event of an election every candidate will pledge himself to amend and alter a law that takes from the working men that liberty they are fairly entitled to; for it matters not what party or Government is in power, they never will make men sober, or keep them so by Acts of Parliament. If the law is to be enforced, close all clubs and billiard rooms, and let the working men start fair with all classes, and if our liberty, which is dear to us, is to be curtailed, let the higher classes set us the example, and then it will be one step in the right direction for us to follow.

Now this is a fair sample of the opposition that has been roused in the Old Country by the passing of the Licensing Bill. In it you perceive a pervading spirit calculated to thwart the efforts of such noble men as Sir W. Lawson, Archbishop Manning, Sir C. Trevelyan and others who are, in England, the mainstay of the Permissive Bill agitation. For the old platitude about the impossibility of making people sober or religious by Act of Parliament is eminently true: but here I wish to remind you that in reiterating this assertion the people stop short, considering the argument, as it were, clenched, whereas in reality they leave it open to assault on every side. They grant the evils of Intemperance, and yet, while denying that the cap fits their individual selves, they thus oppose every effort to remedy the existing abuse. Why so?—because they know that the cap does fit them, with an unpleasantly close fit, too. The liberty of sober men will never be interfered with by a hundred such laws; and as to the drunkards, why, a desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. *They* would not be entitled to grumble even if a Prohibitory law had been passed, instead of this mild measure, the utmost effects of which have been to close publichouses an hour or so earlier at night, and to provide readier means for the punishment of inebriety,—an offence, be it remembered, that has been punishable by law from time immemorial.

Parliament will be appealed to in the name of the liberty-of-the subject sentiment to repeal certain clauses of the Bill this session, and very likely it will, for the present, be induced to acquiesce; but do you think that there is one British M.P. sitting at West-

minster, unless, indeed, his name be Bass, or Hanbury, or Buxton, or Allsopp, or that of some other Burton-beery celebrity, who is not instinctively aware from the truer depths of his heart, that the time will come when the "honest votes of a free country" will demand and not deprecate, far more stringent measures than have yet been even hinted at, with a view to the suppression of Intemperance? The time will come when *public sentiment* shall bring round that happy hour in which all Temperance reforms shall be met half way by the great voice of a people, enlightened at last, though only at the eleventh hour, who will welcome with willing hearts and outstretched hands that which they now greet with opprobrium and scorn. And in the meantime Acts of Parliament such as this are perfectly justifiable on the score of being subservient to the bringing round of that enlightenment, the tardy coming of which is so much to be deplored.

Does anyone appeal to the venerable antiquity of our manners and customs as an argument in favor of perpetuating their disgraces? Invoke in answer the shades of a hundred time-dishonored observances that we have already consigned to the limbo of a degraded past. You need not go back to the barbarous days of the Curfew Bell, when the deer-slayer was put to death by mutilation, and the man-slayer was punished by a fine; when trial was by ordeal and not by evidence; or, still later, when women were burned for witches, and thieves were hung; when honest conviction was led to the stake or the block, and the basest criminals were rewarded with power. No need to turn many pages back in our national history, blackened as it is with cruelty, superstition, ignorance and passion. Recall the events of only a few months back, in the days before the ballot. Many of you must well remember the good old public elections; the bribery, open and concealed, that used to flood the borough for weeks before election day; the prodigious flowing of beer and spirits that washed down the false promises of the hustings and committee rooms; and all the accompanying results of the deluging of drink with which ten-pound politicians gladdened their hearts under the old system. You must needs remember, too, when on a Monday morning you could see that reeking, sodden multitude of men and women, boys and girls, crowding every inch of ground from St. Sepulchre's Church to Newgate Street, and far up the Old Bailey, as they feasted their depraved senses with the tragic scenes the gallows then provided for their entertainment. The British pub-

lie has been deprived of such gala-days, as it has of public elections; but what sensible person would wish to return to them now? If I had time I could tell you of the mop, or hiring fairs, that were so common a short time back, and which still to some extent exist, where rows of unblushing girls stood all day in the open market-place to await the choice of farmers and others requiring servants. I could tell you of the Whitsuntide revelries of country villages, and of many other "good old customs" which are fast dying out.

It is in human nature to oppose every reform for a certain period, until the force of contrast shews the barbarity of the abuse for which it is substituted. Is it not in the memory of this generation when throughout the South of England the blaze of burning wheat-ricks threw up their lurid glare from every hill; when bands of desperate men attacked the farm property, and smashed or burnt every article of machinery they could lay their hands on? And where is the laborer who has not since then laid aside his sickle and his flail for the machine by which he now earns the daily bread he then so foolishly feared was going to be taken from him? And so it will be found that in after times men will look back with astonishment approaching to incredulity that they or their fathers could ever have resisted the appeals of the great Temperance agitation.

And now I venture to express an opinion that is the keynote to all my thoughts on the Temperance movement. I hold that the entire question of the present duty of those attached to the cause can be divested of all complications, can be cured of the spasmodic fits and starts that have sometimes proved even a hindrance to their ends, and can be resolved into one plain idea, the formation, or rather altering, of public sentiment. Here is a programme of such simplicity and conciseness that the youngest member of the Band of Hope can act upon it to-morrow if he likes. The process of the metamorphosis may be very gradual; in fact such a transition from darkness to light cannot be effected in one, or two, or ten, or twenty, or even fifty years: but the dawn must come at last, and the light will be swift or tardy in its advent in exact proportion to the Temperance efforts of ourselves and of those who shall take the banner from our hands when we shall have left the scene of action for eternity.

It is useless to disguise that your first attempts at creating new sentiment will meet with much discouragement. The enemies of

Temperance will tell you that you are fanatics. Men respected for their common sense will call your enthusiasm bigotry and your zeal fanaticism. Grey-headed, sedate representatives of the people will rise in the House and declare that the agitation is unbecoming,—"most un-English, Sir, unconstitutional, un-everything;" whilst at the same time they are impotent to lay their hand on any one item that can be convicted of exaggeration. The fact is, Sir, that the philosophy of a Bacon or a Newton would fail to realize the naked truth of the evils of Intemperance: the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Burke would be powerless to convey to a listening world an adequate appreciation of the viper humanity has so long nursed in its bosom. Still, impressed with the rectitude of our opinions, we must be content, for a time, to be called fanatics, and bigots, and many other hard names, which must nerve us in, rather than tempt us to any relaxation of our efforts. Remember that a drop of constantly falling water will eventually wear a hole in the hardest rock. If you persistently dun into a man's ear that black is white, he will in time lose faith in the soundness of a contrary opinion. How much more then should we succeed in sooner or later establishing a truth as clear to our own minds as the light of day. Every one is the centre of a circle of influence, small or large; and by persisting in one steady course a person must attract notice, and exercise some influence on those around him.

And what if your numbers are small, whilst those of the other side are legion? The germs of every great reform that the advance of civilization has effected have been laid by far smaller bodies than that assembled in this room. Examine our own national history: how many men do you think stood forward in the first instance to protest against the feudal tyranny of our Norman and Plantagenet rulers? How many men first dared to broach the possibility of wringing the Great Charter of our liberties from a cruel, a black-hearted and a pusillanimous king? How many first disseminated throughout the land the nobler principles that afterwards produced the rebellion and civil war, followed by the grand revolution that gave the death-blow to the "divine rights of kings," and trampled on the heaped-up fallacies of centuries? How many first advocated Free Trade as against a ruinous Protection? Was not the first proposal to establish railways from end to end of the kingdom,—a proposal, as some may even remember, bitterly opposed at the time by a narrow-minded population,—first put forward by an enlightened few, who lived, however, to receive

from the very nation that derided them the title of "Railway Kings"? Rest assured the laurel crown will yet be accorded to the once despised teetotaler: rest assured that the grandest and most soul-stirring victory that ever burst the shackles of slavery has yet to make the nations ring and ring again with such a shout of joy as shall proclaim to the immensity of universal creation the achievement of a world's emancipation.

But while you engage in the formation of a higher public sentiment, are you to, unmoved, pass by the poor drunkard as he staggers helplessly to his early grave? A thousand times No! but use every means to allure him to a nobler life. The eldest son of Henry the Fourth of England was a dissipated roué; but he surprised the nation by becoming an illustrious Sovereign. John Newton, the eminent divine, was once a wild, licentious sailor. Gough,—whose name is blessed by hundreds, who, from listening to his heart-felt words were induced to sign the pledge,—was, as he tells us in his autobiography, indeed raised up out of the very gutter to fulfil his exalted mission.

The recuperative power possessed by those who bring themselves to abstain is most surprising. Compared with the many weary weeks that must be passed in recovering from a fever, or in regaining the strength of a broken limb, a young drunkard on becoming a total abstainer may be said to pass from death into life. Can he express to you a modicum of the happiness of this change from one existence into another? You mark the color coming back to his wan cheek; you see the poor shaking hand becoming firm and steady; you hear his trembling voice resume its wonted tones; his food is no longer left untasted; his personal appearance is no longer neglected. Every mark that once distinguished him has vanished in the sublime transformation. And his mind,—you cannot read the change that has taken place in the mind of the reclaimed one; but he could tell you how that weedy, untilled garden of the soul, so lately teeming with the rankest garbage, has now become a bed of blooming flowers. He could tell you that Nature has now clothed her face with smiles for him. He could tell you that the sky has now for him a deeper blue; that the birds are singing now for him a sweeter song. Would you not be the author of such a great result as this: is it not worth your strongest efforts?

But you must exercise a certain subtlety of discrimination in enunciating your views. You must make a careful choice of time,

and place, and words. Ah, there is a mighty power in words when aptly used; but an incautious, ill-timed word may mar the most important ends:

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant:
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

No general rules can be laid down for your guidance upon this point; but common sense will generally dictate the best course to be pursued in individual cases.

Many of the stumbling-blocks in Temperance work are of the would-be reformer's own making. Such are, intolerance of religious belief, and a holier-than-thou, pharisaical pride that shuts people's hearts against many sufferers in dire need of help. Will it be credible to those of broad and liberal-minded views, that in this city Christianity,—that is, Christianity as opposed to irreligion,—is not unfrequently a bar to the prosecution of Temperance work, and the sowing of Temperance principles? It is a fact,—and a little-minded, unphilanthropical fact I take it to be—that some poor drunkards are left alone in their misery by those who would speak to them, were they on a par with themselves in respect of religious profession. And men will declare in public that "Temperance without Religion is no good." The general spirit of such a statement I should be sorry to dispute; but I do say that the holding up of such an axiom, without qualification, before the youthful friends of the cause is calculated to mislead them, and prove an obstruction to much of the good they might otherwise see clearly to perform. The Church is a grand agency in the work: but if the work ever becomes confined to Church bodies; if the Church and the Schoolroom are the only places where the truths of a new and sublime doctrine are inculcated; if the drunkard's ear is never to be reached, or his poor, weak hand clasped in friendship except on his professing adherence to some Church, or any Church, to some religion or any religion,—then I maintain that the work may stop at once, for it will never be successfully accomplished. It is a blind sentiment that dictates such exclusion: blind to the means of propagating far and wide the views it professes to uphold. Where, in the name of common sense, is the drunkard to be found? Do you meet him hanging around church porches, or tavern doors? Is it the Bible, or the cup, you see him holding in his hand, and cherishing to his

heart? Do you expect to find him praying at meeting, or wrangling in a bar-room? You must take him as you find him, remembering that the first step to be taken towards making him religious is to make him abstain from the most potent cause of his irreligion.

I maintain, too, that the pledge should be taken from any person and under any circumstances. If it be taken when sober it may be kept; if it be taken when drunk, still it may be kept; and if kept in one case only out of ten is there not still the tenth part of a good work achieved? And if the pledge is broken, is it not better to persuade the object of your pity to sign again, and yet again. Granted, the sin of breaking a solemn pledge,—but would you not of two evils choose the less; and is it not something gained if an inveterate drinker gives up his wretched habits for one year, one month, or even for one week at a time? I know some will answer that they stand on higher ground, and wish to work on higher principles: but still the fact remains that if you wish to succeed you must take your stand on the ground and use the materials presented, and must work upon such principles as you may find.

Bear in mind that your hopes will lie, to a great extent, in your own good example. A bold, manly tone should be preserved in all your determination, shewing that you know your course to be the right one; that you know it is for your interest in every way; and the blindest will see, after a time, that your new principles are the embodiment of no myth, but a substantial and most satisfactory reality.

There are young men here who aspire to rise above their fellows, who are trying to win honor for themselves by brains, and pluck, and energy, and steady painstaking. I would remind you that a rapidly growing feeling is prevalent among business men in favor of employing and advancing those only of known temperate habits, and of avoiding all connection with those who vary their daily routine only by repeated adjournments from the counting-house to the tavern, and from the tavern to the counting-house. More than this, in the large cities of this continent, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans and elsewhere, the managers of banks, directors of railway companies and the heads of Government departments are beginning to make a point of ascertaining the mode of living adopted by their employés. Can you deny that, as a general rule, no man, even though he himself

should be addicted to the cup, will willingly employ a person of known drinking habits; or will purchase or order goods of a drunken man; or will employ as agent or identify himself in any way with such? You cannot shut your eyes to these facts: will you then risk your welfare and advancement by a weak clinging to those old-fashioned ways that render you always ready to take a glass with a friend? You sacrifice much, and nobly, for the sake of "getting on." You rise early, and work the greater part of the day. To those who would disturb you, and tempt you to idle away a business hour, you do not hesitate to say: "No, my interests are at stake; the idling game's played out now." Then why not say to each one that asks you to drink: "My friend, the drinking game's played out." You will find that it will play you out, fast enough, so far at least as your business is concerned, if you do not see the advisability of giving it at once its *coup de grace*.

Then again, has it never struck you as a remarkable fact that ninety-nine men out of every hundred are unanimous in their advice to a young man to abstain from drink? More than this, I will go so far as to affirm that ninety-nine drunkards out of a hundred may be heard, when in their sober senses, to utter words of warning,—words which should, from the force of illustration, open a young man's eyes. You may scorn the advice, but you cannot obliterate the example. Your friends, too, your seniors in years and experience, why should you make light of their advice? Ah, there is a difference, you know, between a young man's idea of an old man, and an old man's idea of a young man. The young men think the old men are fools: that is what the clever youths of the period think. And the old men, you ask, what do they think? Why, between you and me, they don't think about it at all, because they know that the young men are fools. One question more, and I have done with the young men:—Can you afford to drink; can you, with a due regard to keeping up a respectable appearance, and a comfortable mode of living, afford to incur the ruinous expenses which are, in this country, necessarily attendant on these convivial habits?

And now, let me beg you, in giving your sympathies to the world at large, to devote your labor especially to the land of your adoption. Have you no generous hopes of the future of this Canada of yours; and, having such, have you no fear of the destructive part, which Intemperance, if unchecked, may play in the working out of her destiny? Amid the mind's-eye pictures of the

landmarks of an eventful youth; there are few more vivid and impressive than that of my stay in England's fairest colony: among the dreams of the past there is none happier than that which brings before me Canadian life and scenery. Standing upon the ruins of ancient cities that crumble into dust upon the shores of the Mediterranean, mournful remnants of the by-gone glories of nations of old; gazing into deep, mysterious volcanic craters, and acknowledging the still more mysterious depth of the sciences that attempt to tell us of the physical structure of this little aerial ball, the earth; cruising amid the icebergs of the South Pacific, and rocking on the mighty billows of the Cape and of the Horn; creeping among the tangled bush of the Antipodes; and walking amid the busy hum of such great cities as London, Paris and New York, — I had yet to add a greater wonder to the list in knowing this land of Canada. The comparison of its present condition with that of but a short time past is indeed a glorious one. The prospect is pleasing, in truth; but has not Canada been stunted in her growth, as children are stunted, by the use of gin? Statistics tell us that the total amount expended in the Dominion, on intoxicating liquors, during one year lately, figured at the inconceivable sum of eighteen millions of dollars! Eighteen millions of dollars thrown to the dogs by a population that is not much larger than that of the British Metropolis alone! Eighteen million dollars' worth of sickness, of crime, of pauperism and of ruin purchased in twelve months by a young colony whose duty it should be to seek to prevent one cent of her hard-earned money from being diverted into any other channel than such as will be beneficial to her rising interests. How often how devoted to good to your young men.

Each succeeding summer sees the ships sailing up the St. Lawrence, and discharging on your shores their living freights. In the fields of England, Ireland and Scotland, in the workhouses, in the back slums of the cities, men are told that Canada can transform a pauper into a proprietor; a slave into a free man. At home they ineffectually chafe and groan under the enthralling chains of prejudice, bigotry, selfishness and custom: in Canada they are promised a complete emancipation. Will you verify your promises? Will you prove that such ideas are not Utopian; or will you mar the prospect and defeat the whole scheme by fostering in the new land of promise the greatest curse of the Old Country? The aspects presented by the Liquor law question in the United

Kingdom and in Canada are different, and must be worked out apart from any material connection with each other. Canada is far in advance of England in this matter. Many circumstances combine to render it so; but I can now only touch upon one of them. Here a great and powerful agency is at work, by precept and example, which in the Old Country has been till very lately comparatively dead. I refer to the Church. There they applaud abstinence from the pulpits, but, with a few noble exceptions, the ministry—of the Established Church in particular—has neglected to practice what it preaches. I hope you despise as heartily as I do, those persons who, in the bitterness of their minds, so often say: "Oh, what a sad thing it is to see so much Intemperance, even in the ranks of the clergy." These are the same people who shake their heads and declare that ministers' sons are always worse than other men: these are the same persons who look upon half the congregation of a church as hypocrites who only put on the cloak of religion for worldly purposes: these are the persons who charge every professed abstainer who is doing good service, with keeping his bottle safely concealed at home, and such nonsense as this, which in almost every case is as lying as it is absurd. Looking at the matter in the light of fact and reason, what do we find? We find that an instance of inebriety in a clergyman is about as rare an occurrence as can well be conceived. Such narrow assertions are not verified by facts: experience demonstrates far otherwise.—To return to the subject, however, the clergy at home are not, as they should be, total abstainers. They acknowledge drink to be the greatest hindrance they encounter in their work; but they are still proud, many of them, of their own well-filled cellars. But even now there are signs of the inauguration of a radical change in this anomalous state of things. Archbishops and bishops are issuing circulars on the subject, and awakening the dormant attention of their charges. My own father, who for nearly half a century has devoted himself to the service of the Church, has long anticipated the movement by protesting, by example as well as precept, against the drinking habits of the people.

And is there no inference to be drawn from the fact that here where the term Nonconformist is meaningless, because there is no Established Church to conform to, because here there is no one sect entitled by the Constitution to arrogate to itself exclusive privileges and unearned superiority, where each creed and denomination, be it Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist,

Baptist, Unitarian, Independent or otherwise, has to look for support to its own merits and to its own merits alone, and where the only rivalry among these Churches is the rivalry of doing good; that here the ministry, almost to a man, is an avowed enemy to the consumption of intoxicating beverages? We know how the Church Establishment clings to Conservatism as the forlorn hope that is to save it from Disestablishment: and we know how the liquor interest in England is espoused by Conservatism throughout the land. And what natural deduction do we draw in consequence? Why, we infer that in such a state of things the liquor interests, abnormal though the connection may appear, must be brought more or less into sympathetic relations with those of a Church Establishment. And if it be that the most vital interests of the human race are thus being subordinated to political or personal exigencies,—if to secure the Church's aid in the Temperance cause it is necessary, apart from other reasons, that Disestablishment must first come,—should we not, one and all, re-echo the sentiment: "Then, in the name of all that is right and charitable, the sooner it comes, the better."

Do not delay: do not sport with Time. The days, and weeks, and months, and years, are fast rolling into the irreclaimable past. Some of you have already taken up your banner: the rest can do so this very hour. Join the cause, and help on the hour when we shall flash a message under the Atlantic waves to our mother-country, telling that throughout the length and breadth of the British North American Provinces the people have passed a law that makes it criminal for man to poison his fellow-men with alcohol.

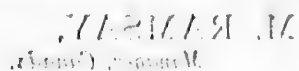
In conclusion, my friends, I ask those of you who have not yet done so, why not give up this thing that so invariably brings, as you know so well, a curse instead of a blessing! Oh, give it up to-night, at once and for ever. From every pulpit in Christendom you are called upon to give it up for the sake of that glorious Christianity that is your immortal and inestimable legacy. I only ask you, I only implore you to give it up for the sake of the tens of thousands of pure and gentle wives and mothers and sisters who are this night, as every night of their lives, falling on their bended knees in an agony of distress to pray for husbands, sons and brothers, so fatally estranged from them by this bitter barrier. Give it up for the sake of the tens of thousands of broken-hearted fathers, whose gray hairs are rapidly going down with sorrow to

the grave. Give it up for the sake of the hundreds of thousands of little innocent children, whose merry prattle would be hushed, and whose unclouded happiness would be dimmed, could they but realize, as *we* can, the depth of that black precipice that lies right before them in their path to manhood. And give it up for the sake of those wretched, abject things that once, like them, were bright-eyed, laughing children, and some of them, perhaps, strong and blithesome men and women, but who have since become, sodden, grovelling worms, a living libel on the original form of God's creation.

Every changing object that meets your eyes amid the busy stir of the crowded city, in the marts of business, in the world's broad out-of-door battle-field, calls upon you, one and all, to abandon at once and for ever this arch-enemy of mankind. Every familiar object on which your firelight glistens beneath the shelter of your own roof-tree, your domestic castle, which should be,—alas, how seldom it is,—dear and sacred to you above all else; every look, and word, and thought, that should be hallowed by the associations of "home," is now, as ever, entreating you to deal one stroke to slay the fell tyrant of your peace. Every whisper of the waving trees; every murmur of the winding river; each carressing sun-beam in the air; everything animate and inanimate on this surpassing beautiful planet on which we live, is for ever and ever supplicating you in a hundred ways to listen to the voice of reason and of right. Interest, Nature, the innate love of human-kind,—a love that is indestructible, save by this *one* destroyer,—all, all are arraying their influence against the wine-cup. And what a contest! To a barbarian from the banks of the Albert Nyanza; to an Esquimaux from the remotest shores of Greenland; to an aboriginal of Australia, the lowest in the scale of known humanity,—such a contest would appear ridiculous, and a speedy and complete conquest of reason, a certainty. To us, civilized Christians of the Year of Grace, 1873,—to us who have conquered or colonized millions of square miles on the earth's surface; whose flag floats in the breeze over the heads of millions of people of so many climes, and nations, and colors; over the bright abodes of Christianity, and the dark dwellings of Paganism,—to us, I say, the contest appears far different. From sad experience we know how the insidious worm is gnawing at the vitals of the giant oak; how the witching siren is luring with her painted smiles our devoted race to their swift destruction; how the wrecker, with his false lights

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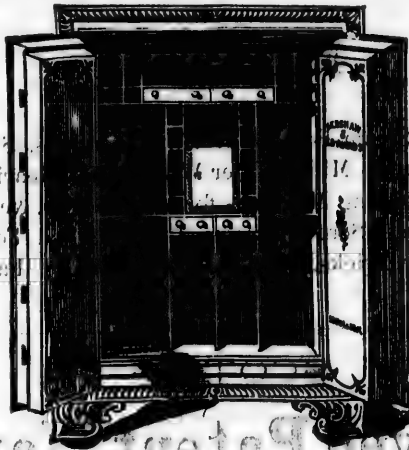
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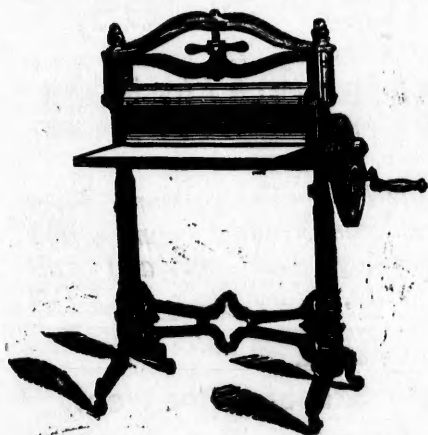
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